

A Ioyful Song of the Royall receiuing of the

Queenes most excellent Maiestie into her highnesse Campe at Tilburie in Essex: on
Thurs/day and Fryday the eight and ninth of August. 1588.

To the Tune of Triumph and Ioy.



Her highnesse then to the campe did goe,
The order there to see and know:
Which, her Lord generall did dutifull shew,
In Tilburie campe in England.
And euerie Capitaine to her came,
And euerie Officer of fame,
To shew their dute and their name,
To their soueraigne Queene of England.
Of tents and cabins, thousands there,
Some built with bolues and many a tre,
And many of canuasse she might see,
In Tilburie campe in England.

Each Capitaine had his colours bzaue,
Set over his tent in winde to waue,
With them their officers there they haue,
To serue the Queene of England.
The other lodgings had their signe,
For souldiers where to sup and dine,
And for to sleepe: with orders fine,
In Tilburie Campe in England.
And bittaling booties, there plentie were,
Where they sold meate, bread, cheefe and beere.
One should haue ben hangd for selling to beare
In Tilburie campe in England.

To tell the ioy of all and some,
When that her Maiestie was come,
Such playing on pphers and many a drum,
To welcome the Queene of England.
Displaying of Ensignes varie bzaue,
Such throwing of hats what would ye haue,
Such cries of ioy, God keepe and saue,
Our noble Queene of England.
And then to bid her grace good night,
Great Obedience shot with pellets pight,
Fourteene faire peeces of great might,
To seaze the foes of England.

Her Maiestie went then away,
To the Court, where that her highnesse lay,
And came againe on the next day,
To Tilburie campe in England.
The Capitaines perly did prepare,
To haue their battell set out faire,
Against her highnesse comming there,
To Tilburie campe in England.
And long before her highnesse came,
Each point was ordered so in frame,
Which serued to set forth the same,
Of a royall campe in England.

The gallant hoisemen mounted bzaue,
With stomackes stout and courage haue,
Whose countenance serue might well depraue
In fight, the foe of England.
The armed men, bowmen and the shot,
Drummers and Caluers hot,
None of these wanted well I wot,
In Tilburie campe in England.
Fifte ensignes spied there were,
Of seuerall colours fine and faire,
Of drums and pphers, great numbers there,
In Tilburie campe in England.

The battell plac'd in order dr,
mightie host I tell you true,
A famous sight it was to view,
that royall campe in England.
The host thus set in battell ray,
In brauer sort then I can say,
For want of knowledge to display,
so goodly a campe in England.
How the maine battell, and the winges,
The vanguard, rearwarde, and such things,
The hoisemen whose sharpe lances stinges,
in fight the foe of England.

The Noble men, and men of fame,
In dute bound did shew the same.
To waite when that her highnes came,
our soueraigne Queene of England.
And she being come into the field,
A martiall staffe, my Lord did yelde,
Unto her highnesse, being our shield,
and marshall cheefe of England.
Then rode she along the campe to see,
To euerie Capitaine orderly,
Amid the ranks so royally,
the marshall cheefe of England.

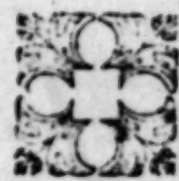
What princely wordes her grace declarede,
What gracious thanks in euery warde,
To euery souldier none she sparde,
that serued any where for England.
With princely promise none should lacke,
Meate or drinke, or cloth for backe,
Gold and silver should not lacke,
to her marshall men of England.
Then might she see the hate to dye
And euerie souldier shouted hye,
For our god Queene we'll fight or dye,
on any foe to England.

And many a Capitaine kist her hand
As she pass'd through euery band,
And left her traine farre off to stand,
from her marshall men of England.
Two houres she spent among them there,
Her princely pleasure to declare,
Where many a one did say and sweare,
to live and dye for England.
And would not aske one penny pay,
To charge her highnesse any way,
But of their owne would finde a way,
to serue her grace for England.

To my Lordes pavilion then she went
A sumptuous faire and famous tent,
Where dinner time her highnesse spent,
with martiall men of England.
In the euening when the tide was come,
Her highnesse thank't them all and some,
With trumpets shail and sound of drum,
return'd the queene of England.
To the blockhouse where she toke her barge,
There diuers Capitaines had their charge,
Then shot the canons off at large,
to honour the queene of England.

And thus her highnesse went away,
For whose long life all England pray,
King Henries daughter, and our stay,
Elizabeth queene of England.
What subiect would not spend his life,
And all be haly to stay the strife,
Of forraigne foe that seekes to rise,
to inuade this realme of England.
Therefore deare countrie men I say,
With hart to God let vs all pray,
To blisse our Armes night and day,
that serue our Queene for England.

FINIS. T. I.



L O N D O N
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God English men whose balliant harts,
With courage great and manly partes,
Doe minde to daunt the ouerthwarts,
of any foe to England.
Attend a while and you shall heare,
What loue and kindnesse doth appeare,
From the princely mind of our loue deare,
Elizabeth Queene of England.
To cheare her souldiers one and all,
Of honour great or title small,
On what name you will them call,
of England.

The time being dangerous now ye know,
That forraigne enemies to and fro,
For to inuade vs make a show,
and our god Queene of England.
Her Maiestie by graue aduise,
Considering how the danger lies,
By all good means she can deuisse,
for the safetie of all England.
With poynted men of honour right,
With all the speade they could or might,
A Campe of men there should be pight,
on Tilburie hill in England.

Her grace being giuen to vnderstand,
The mightie power of this her land,
And the willing harts therein the fand,
from euery hire in England.
The mightie troupes haue shewed the same,
That day by day to London came,
From shires and towne to long to name,
to serue the Queene of England.
Her grace to glad their harts againe,
In princely person toke the paine,
To honour the troupes and partiall traine,
in Tilburie campe in England.

On Thurs/day the eight of August last,
Her Maiestie by water past,
When stormes of winde did blow so fast,
would feare some folke in England.
And at her sorte she went on land,
That neare to Tilburie (strong) both stand,
Where all things furnisht there she fand,
for the safe defense of England.
The great shot then, did rage and roare,
Replied by a sort on the other shore,
Whose poudred pellets what wor. ye haue
would feare any foe to England (more,